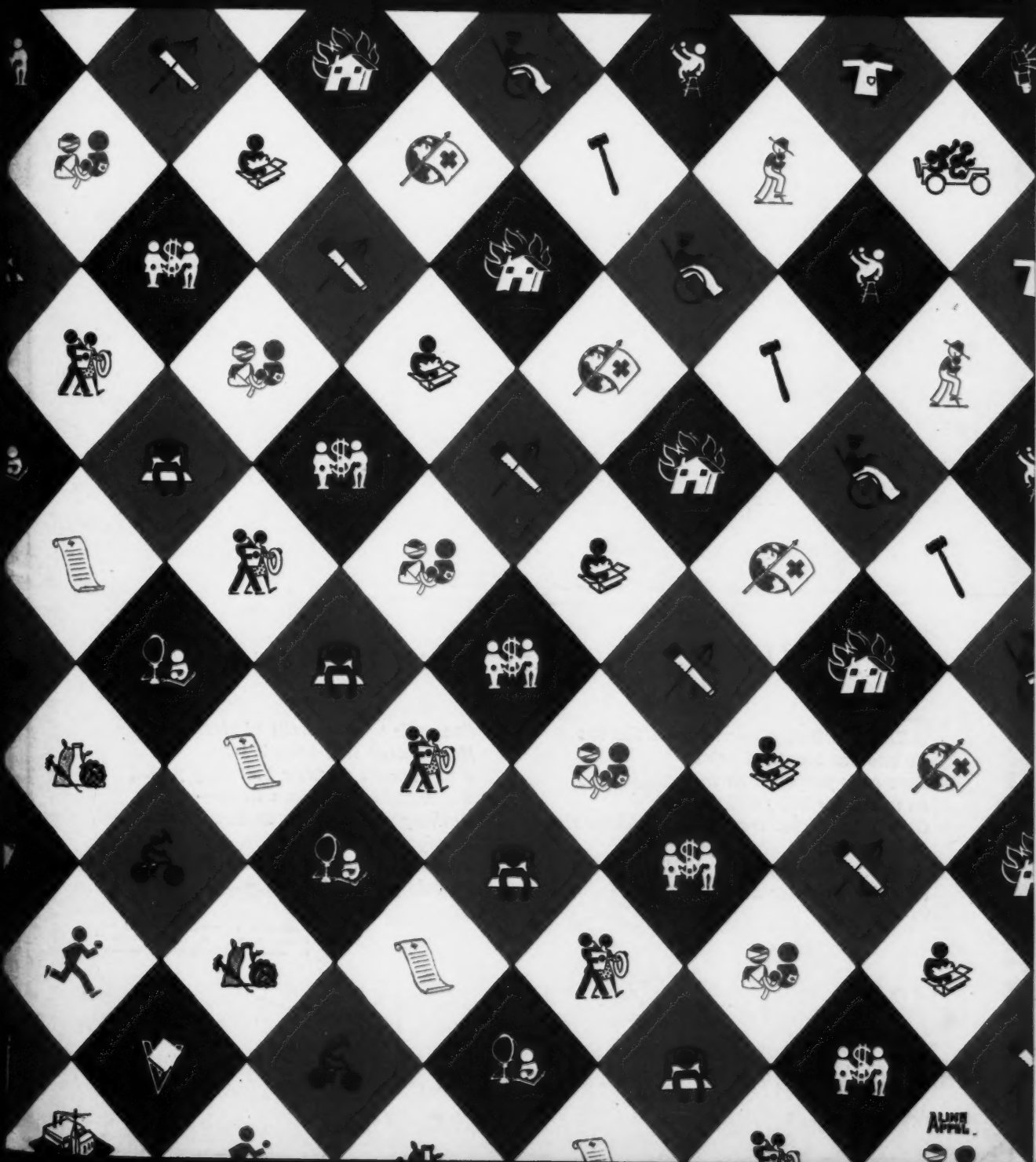


NEWS





HAROLD M. LAMBERT

SEA AIR

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

*THIS AIR that blows in from the sea
No one has breathed before
Save only porpoises as they play
In waves far out from shore,
Or whales whose tranquil breathings rise
In fountains of white spray,
Or sailors leaning on the rails
Of ships from far away.*

*Sea gulls with nostrils of strong bone
Have tasted this keen breeze,
And gannets in their billowing flight,
But nothing less than these—
Nothing save creatures strong and wild,
As vigorous and free
Themselves, as is the wind that blows
So coldly from the sea.*

—REPRINTED BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS FROM "THE LITTLEST HOUSE," BY ELIZABETH COATSWORTH (MACMILLAN).

+ AN ACTIVITIES CALENDAR +

UNITED BY SERVICE Community, Nation, World

IN YOUR COMMUNITY

—Make gifts for old or young in public homes. Make articles to help in local defense.

NATION-WIDE—Make gifts for the Armed Forces, for men in Camp or other Government hospitals, and for children in schools for the blind.

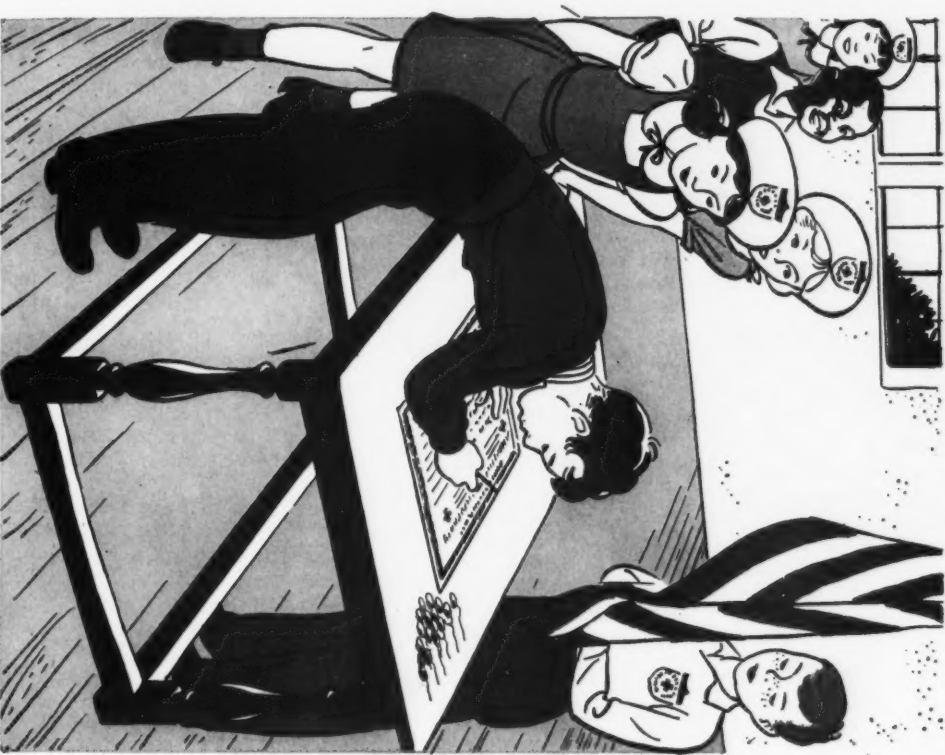
Exchange school correspondence albums with other sections of our country.

WORLD-WIDE—Ask your Red Cross Chapter whether you can help in War Relief production. Contribute to the National Children's Fund. Make a school correspondence album to send one of the United Nations.

AMERICAN EDUCATION WEEK—Show parents ways that your schools and the American Junior Red Cross work together in service. *Topics for talks:*

Renewing faith. Tell true stories that show how Red Cross work is based on faith in the goodness of average people.

Serving wartime needs. Explain opportunities for members to send gifts to the Armed Forces and to make materials that help in local



ENROLLMENT FOR SERVICE

UNITED BY SERVICE Community, Nation, World

THANKSGIVING FOR OUR DEFENDERS

—Make gifts and holiday favors.

Some ideas: Stick-up turkeys or kangaroos on small standards for tray favors and place-cards, individual glasses of cranberry jelly or orange marmalade (each bring some sugar in an envelope), popcorn balls made with molasses, library envelopes and cards for hospital libraries, bookmarks, writing portfolios, dressed-up pencils. Ask your Junior Red Cross Chairman to get instructions. Follow them exactly.

CHRISTMAS FOR PATIENTS IN VETERANS' FACILITIES

—Begin plans soon in order to finish in good time. Do not forget hospitals you have served before; do not neglect veterans of this war. Make greeting cards for men to send their families and friends. Several classes can work together making art folders containing words of Christmas carols, so that each man can have his own for Christmas singing.

OTHER NATION-WIDE SERVICE

—Plan to finish gifts

A Guide for Teachers

By RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The November News in the School

The Classroom Index

Arithmetic:

"News Parade"

Citizenship:

"The President's Letter," "Junior Red Cross Pictographs" (front cover), "Enrollment for Service" (editorial), "For the United Nations Scrapbook," "News Parade"

Geography:

Brazil—"Emperors of Brazil," "Nos Estados Unidos do Brasil"

Canada—"Peder's Gull"

France—"News Parade"

Holland—"Leyden's Thanksgiving," "The Beggars' Song"

U. S. A.—"Pilgrims of the Southwest," "Emperors of Brazil," "A New Mexican Boy," "Our Spanish Heritage"

U. S. S. R.—"Thanksgiving in Siberia"

United Nations—"Thanksgiving in Siberia," "Leyden's Thanksgiving," "Emperors of Brazil," "Nos Estados Unidos do Brasil," "Pilgrims of the Southwest," "For the United Nations Scrapbook," "Our Spanish Heritage," "News Parade" and "Peder's Gull"

Health:

"Food Proof"

Music:

"The Beggars' Song"

Nature Study:

"Sea Air," "Weather Vanes," "Peder's Gull"

Units:

Animals and pets—"Sea Air," "Thanksgiving in Siberia," "Peder's Gull"

Climate—"Thanksgiving in Siberia," "Weather Vanes," "Pilgrims of the Southwest"

Holidays—"Thanksgiving in Siberia," "Leyden's Thanksgiving"

Home Life—"Thanksgiving in Siberia," "Our Spanish Heritage," "Peder's Gull"

Primary Grades:

Features of greatest interest for the primary grades include the pictographs on the front cover, "Nos Estados Unidos do Brasil," "The President's Letter," "Peder's Gull" and the activity report of the third grade gift shop of members in Steubenville, Ohio.

The teacher of the third grade, Miss Ethel Anderson, wrote that she had made the Junior Red Cross work a "center of interest" for eight weeks. Beginning with the children's decision that earning money for the National Children's Fund would be the best way that

they could help other children who were war refugees, the gift shop project was developed. Miss Anderson wrote:

"Although ours is a traditional school with equipment not lending itself readily to such an undertaking, the purposes of the Junior Red Cross were achieved—service in the home, school, community and nation."

Letters received from children in Great Britain were material for reading and language lessons. Constructing the shop and making the gifts were manual arts activities. Pricing the gifts and keeping account of the returns gave material for arithmetic lessons. The culmination of the unit was the grand opening of the shop.

"The Oh's and Ah's of the patrons at the sight of these seven-year-old children carrying on the work without the teacher in the foreground was proof enough that the gift shop was a success."

Materials to Help You

If you do not have the leaflets on the National Children's Fund, ask your Junior Red Cross Chairman for "The National Children's Fund of the American Junior Red Cross, Its Purposes and History," ARC 643, revised June, 1942, and "The National Children's Fund, A Report on War Relief Activities," ARC 1402, May, 1941.

If your school has not yet used the suggested assembly program sent to all chapters in September as a help in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary, you may want to use it during the enrollment period. In any event, the President's letter should be read in the schools either in assembly or in separate classrooms.

American Red Cross Accident Prevention materials for the use of schools include the "Check List for Common Hazards," form 1479, "Preventing Accidents," ARC 1023, and "American Junior Red Cross Accident Prevention," ARC 685.

"Accident Facts," 1941, issued by the National Safety Council, Inc., 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois, gives realistic information about accidents last year with analyses of causes and the groups affected. Single copies are 50¢, with reductions on larger purchases.

For study of the United Nations, recent publications of the Pan-American Union will prove helpful. One of these is an illustrated leaflet describing the Pan-American Union and the building in Washington. There is also a series of leaflets about the American Nations and cities.

The Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs issues mimeographed bulletins, which give up-to-date factual material, helpful to teachers whose classes are studying the other American Nations.

The National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C., continues to publish Weekly Bulletins available to teachers, librarians and normal school students, giving up-to-the-week information about those points of the globe that are of greatest current interest. Subscription price, 25¢ a year.

Material on American Education Week, November 8-14, is issued by the National Education Association, 1201 16th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

In each case, write to the organization concerned for information.

Developing Calendar Activities for November

"Enrollment For Service," November 1-15

IN THE HANDBOOK sent to all Junior Red Cross Chairmen, requirements for individual membership of pupils are explained as follows:

"The ultimate goal of the Enrollment Campaign should be to have every boy and girl in every enrolled classroom qualified for individual membership. The school group, however, not the individual member, is the unit of organization. The American Red Cross requires no individual membership fee of its junior members. A pupil is entitled to membership and the Junior Red Cross membership insignia when he has:

"(a) made a voluntary contribution which should be earned or saved by personal effort and sacrifice on the part of the member; or

"(b) when he has performed a service which evinces interest in the Junior Red Cross program.

"Although no individual membership fee is required, membership will gain meaning if pupils cooperate to provide the group fee, and broader service will be made possible by a Junior Red Cross service fund."

Summing it up, every pupil in an enrolled classroom, who helps in any of the group projects of Junior Red Cross through classroom work or service, or through any form of group or individual effort in fund raising and activities, is entitled to individual membership in the American Junior Red Cross.

American Education Week, November 8-14

The fact that the dates of American Education Week this year fall within the period of the Junior Red Cross enrollment campaign provides an opportunity to demonstrate a close partnership between the schools and the American Junior Red Cross. The schools provide the medium for performing the services, the skills and knowledge for producing the gifts, and the understandings that enter into service. The American Red Cross provides motive for the services, a medium for distribution, and a means of nationwide and worldwide participation with other young people in patriotic and humanitarian work. Specific relationships between the classroom and the American Junior Red Cross are suggested under the themes announced for the different days of American Education Week.

Menu Covers This Year

The Navy has once more opened the way for Junior Red Cross covers for Christmas menus. The activity is open to art classes of junior high schools as well as senior high schools. Covers must be decorated with **ORIGINAL ART WORK**. Designs and pictures may be printed from linoleum blocks and wood cuts, or may be print shop productions from original line cuts. Individual water color, ink, or other art work is also desired *except* pencil or pastel crayons, which rub. *Do not use postcards or clipped pictures*. The decorations should relate to Christmas and the Navy. This year is the most important of all years that Junior Red Cross members have carried on this activity. The communication from the Navy Department challenges members to their highest standard of work:

"It will be a pleasure to continue our arrangements of last year for the distribution of menu covers to naval stations and hospitals and to such ships as may be reached through Commandants of Naval Districts without the release of information regarding the movement of such ships. Your consideration and the efforts of the Junior Red Cross are a source of deep gratification.

Ask your Junior Red Cross Chairman and Area Office for directions.

Service to Men in Government Hospitals

It is very important that Junior Red Cross service be continued to men in the Veterans' Facilities and all government hospitals served in the past as well as that the members keep up with new opportunities for serving our armed forces. Junior Red Cross members would not want hospitalized veterans of the first World War to conclude that they have now been forgotten. A second reason is that wounded men of this war are entering the already established hospitals, if the period of convalescence must be prolonged. In order that Christmas gifts and greetings may arrive in time, the planning and some of the work should be done this month. Next month, energy can be concentrated on service within the community.

Christmas Carols

The *Calendar* suggests that members copy Christmas Carols and enclose them in individual decorated folders to be sent to Veterans' Facilities and other general hospitals of the government. In order that all may have the same carols, even though many different schools take part in the activity, the following should be included in all folders:

"O Come, All Ye Faithful," "Silent Night," "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing," "O Little Town of Bethlehem," "Deck the Hall," "Here We Come A-Carolling," "It Came upon the Midnight Clear," "Good King Wenceslas," "The First Nowell," "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen."

Art classes, penmanship or typewriting classes, English classes and music classes may find ways to work together in this. If junior high school music classes are advanced enough to copy the music as well as the words, so much the better. At any rate, pupils will want to learn any of these carols that they do not already know.

"We Must Not Hate!"

Under the title given above, the New Zealand Junior Red Cross magazine quotes Mr. Churchill's words to the Senate of the United States of America:

"Duty and prudence alike command . . . that the germ centres of hatred and revenge should be constantly and vigilantly curbed and treated in good time and that an adequate organization should be set up to make sure that the pestilence can be controlled at its earliest beginning. I avow my hope and faith, sure and inviolate, that in the days to come the British and American people will, for their own safety and the good of all, walk together in majesty, in justice, and in peace."

The mother of a six-year-old was puzzled about what answer to make, when her son asked her, "Why do the Germans and Japanese hate us?"

Mr. Churchill's words give a cue. Six-year-olds can understand that while it hurts to feel hated we are critically endangered only if we fall victims to the disease and ourselves are infected with hating. Schools are "at war" for the preservation of our republic; but the children of the world are not "at war" against one another. Those who are children in all nations now must one day strive together for victory of better ways of life for all. The kind of victory that must grow and increase through never ceasing effort will be won more fully if pupils of today realize that "we must not hate."

defense. Tell about your War on Waste. Exhibit samples of your Thanksgiving favors.

Building strong bodies. Tell about defense from infection through good nutrition and immunization against disease. Tell about saving life through accident prevention, first aid and home nursing courses.

Developing loyal citizenship. Show how Junior Red Cross inter-sectional correspondence helps build national unity.

Improving knowledge and skills. Tell about deepened understanding of the United Nations and the world through Gift Boxes, National Children's Fund War Relief projects, international correspondence and the *Junior Red Cross News*. Show how service projects require the best work that you can do.

Character Strength and Morale for Victory. Give examples of ways that members practice democracy in making and carrying out plans, and help community morale and their own by service to the disadvantaged.

FUNDS FOR SERVICE—Think up unusual ways to keep your Service Funds growing. For instance, an Australian member held an exhibit of mechanical toys he had made. You might have an Inventors' Exhibit.

1942 NOVEMBER 1942						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS ENROLLMENT CAMPAIGN—November 1-15

Help enroll every room in your school and every school in your Chapter in the Junior Red Cross.

Ask your Junior Red Cross Chairman for suggestions about programs. Help distribute supplies to every-room. Explain, in assembly and each room, requirements for enrollment and opportunities for all pupils to become working members, through their schoolwork.

Begin a financial record in your own room. Keep accounts to show how much you turn in to the Junior Red Cross Chairman, what will be spent for membership, what you contribute to the National Children's Fund, and what is kept for community service or materials.

for young children in time for Christmas. Because of transportation difficulties fewer pupils will go home for holidays this year.

AMERICAN EDUCATION WEEK—Exhibit your Junior Red Cross United Nations' scrapbooks or inter-sectional correspondence.

Some topics for albums exchanged within our own country: Contributions of our state towards winning the war, Our community alert for defense, Our war on waste, Citizens of mixed backgrounds united for democracy, Our ways of meeting new wartime problems.

UNITED THROUGH J. R. C. COUNCILS—If local conditions make it better to have more than one Junior Red Cross Chapter Council, send representatives (different ones each month) to report from yours and to bring back reports of what the others are doing. Plan some service projects in which all can work together through a joint committee.

YOUNG MEMBERS, MAKE WATER LILY CANDLES TO SELL. MELT CANDLE STUBS AND MOLD THEM IN SCALLOPED TEA CAKE TINS. IN THE MIDDLE PUT ONE STUB WITH THE WICK IN IT. THE CANDLE CAN BE PUT IN A SHALLOW BOWL OF WATER FOR A CENTERPIECE.

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

Part I

November • 1942

Thanksgiving in Siberia

RUTH EPPERSON KENNEL

Illustrations by Hildegard Woodward

"AREN'T we going to have turkey this Thanksgiving?" Jimmie demanded in a tone of protest.

The Nicholsons were eating a late Sunday breakfast in their single room in a six-room log cottage shared with four other American families. Outside the casement windows, whose inner panes had been sealed against the cold, the snow lay in deep drifts in the woods.

"That's a foolish question, son," his father answered bluntly. "You know there aren't any turkeys in Siberia." Mr. Nicholson was an engineer at the Kemerovo mines in western Siberia, where many Americans were employed. The family had been away from their comfortable home in New York for only six months.

"Anyhow, this Thanksgiving Day should mean a lot to us, even if we can't have turkey," he went on. "It's our first in this new, undeveloped country which is rather like America in colonial times, and the people have some of the same spirit—"

"Do the Russians have Thanksgiving Day, too?" Jimmie interrupted eagerly.

"No, but they hold a jubilee on November seventh in honor of their revolution. You saw the parade."

"Oh, that," said Jimmie, disappointed, and

he finished his pancakes and honey in silence.

After breakfast, his father suggested that they go for a hike. "We'll take the river road to that village beyond the woods. We might pick up a hen or rooster for next Thursday."

"Get two chickens if you can—or better still, a goose," Mrs. Nicholson suggested. "I'd like to invite a few of the single men in the colony to Thanksgiving dinner. I expect the cooking in the community dining room gets tiresome. And I'll give you a package of needles and a spool of thread to use in trade."

Manufactured goods were still scarce in Siberia and needles were so highly prized by the peasants that a not too conscientious American colonist might easily trade a single needle for a fat hen. A bar of laundry soap could buy a kilogram of honey or ten eggs.

When Jimmie was ready to start, he looked like a Russian peasant, bundled to his ears in a sheepskin *shuba* with the shaggy wool inside, and a fur cap with flaps fastened under the chin. He wore clumsy felt boots which kept the feet snug during almost half the year, when the snow was as dry as powdered sugar.

They set out through the pine wood until the narrow path in the snow turned to the edge of the cliff. Below stretched the broad Tom River, a swift tributary of the Ob which

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There, standing regally beside the fence, was a monarch of the barnyard!

flows into the Arctic Ocean. Many foot and sledge paths already had been worn across its frozen surface.

Rounding a wooded bluff, beautiful under its soft white mantle, they looked down on the small village of Krasny which lay on level ground along the river bank. Many of the huts of miners had no barnyard. But, as they passed along the single street, they noticed an imposing place. The small-paned windows of the sturdy log house had carved wooden frames, and potted plants glowed through the greenish glass. The carved gates in the high fence were open so that they could see the outbuildings with their thatched roofs. Skeins of wool were bleaching on a line in the bright sunshine. Geese, ducks and chickens picked in the dirty snow.

"We'll stop here," began Mr. Nicholson, "and inquire about——"

He got no farther. They stood still and stared at one another. From behind the tall birch twig fence came a familiar barnyard sound: "Gobble, gobble, gobble!"

"Daddy, it's a turkey!"

"It couldn't be! Turkeys don't grow in Siberia——"

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!"

"Come on, let's find out!" Jimmie pulled his father inside the gate.

And there, standing in regal splendor beside the fence, was an enormous gobbler. Monarch of the barnyard, he balanced himself on one leg, his tail spread in a gorgeously patterned fan.

"I was dead wrong," confessed Mr. Nicholson. "And what a magnificent specimen."

"Gee, do you think we could buy him? Mamma would be so surprised."

"We'll do our best," he said.

They passed across the yard into a shed off the main room of the house and knocked at the padded door. A voice called, "*Mozhno!*" (the Russian invitation to "come in"), and they opened the outside door into an entry where the wraps were hung. Then they pushed open the inner door. The air struck their frost-nipped faces in a hot blast. Within the heavy log walls of the spacious room, behind the tightly sealed double windows, the temperature was so warm from the great brick stove that the family were barefooted,

in two-piece garments of homespun.

A gray-haired couple greeted them with gracious hospitality. By the window sat a young man playing on a homemade *balalaika*; a young woman with short, fair hair rocked a cradle hung from a pliable birch bough.

Jimmie's eyes met the large blue eyes of a boy of his own age, who lay on a bunk made of boards built over the stove. He had light curly hair, and his face was pale as though from a recent illness. There was, in fact, a languor about all of them which showed the ill effects of their close confinement during the long, dark, winter season.

The Americans stood in helpless silence. Neither of them knew much Russian, but, of the two, Jimmie had the more workable vocabulary.

"*Ptitsa*," began the American boy, waving toward the barnyard, "*mozhna koopeet?*" He had to use the word "bird" in asking if it were possible to buy the turkey.

The master of the house looked puzzled. He understood that the *Amerikantsi* wanted to buy a fowl, but what kind was not clear.

"*Petuke?*" he suggested, guessing at a rooster.

"*Niet, bolshoy ptitsa*," explained Jimmie, illustrating with a wide circle of his arms. "Gobble, gobble, gobble."

The old peasant nodded understandingly. "*Ach, da, induke*," he exclaimed, but at the same time the troubled look deepened on his face. He glanced uneasily at the listening boy on the boards above the stove and motioned to the foreigners to follow him outside. In the entry, he quickly slipped into a *shuba*, a fur hat and felt boots, and was ready to step from the tropics into the Arctic regions.

As he came out, the turkey-cock strutted toward him expectantly. The old woman followed and scattered grain in the dooryard, and both watched with pride as the gobbler advanced.

"*Nie khoteem prodat golubchik,*" the peasant said with a slow shake of his head. Jimmie understood the endearing term, "little pigeon," in the old man's announcement that he did not want to sell the pet turkey.

But Mr. Nicholson was determined to take home the prize. He produced the package of needles. The woman exclaimed eagerly, but the man shook his head. The American produced a spool of white cotton thread, and the woman spoke softly to her husband, but he still shook his head. Then Mr. Nicholson counted out two paper rubles and added them to the priceless commodities.

The money won over the old man, for at that time of year the peasants had little cash. Glumly he sealed the bargain. He picked up the tame turkey, stroked its brilliant plumage and tied the feet together with a cord. Gently he placed the great bird in Mr. Nicholson's arms, giving voluble instructions about carrying it. How to get the gobbler home did indeed present a problem, for he must have weighed twenty pounds.

As they turned to go, there was a commotion at the door of the house. The Russian boy came running out into the snow in his bare feet. He looked pitifully frail in his scanty blouse and breeches. Tears streamed down his thin cheeks and he stretched out his arms beseechingly.

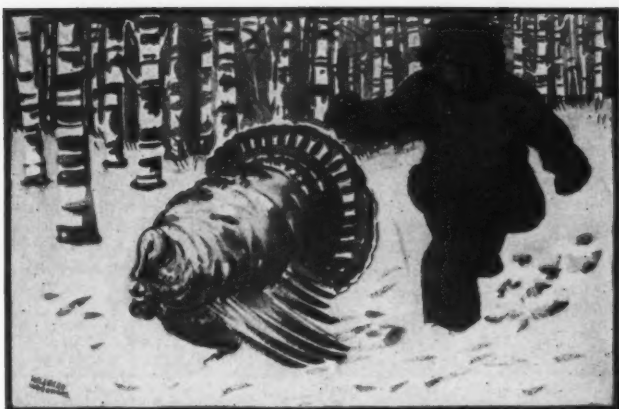
"*Niet, dedushka,*" he cried to his grandfather, "*niet, niet, eto moya indushka!*" There was indignant protest in his words: "No, grandfather, no, no, that's my little turkey!"

In consternation, the grandmother ran to the boy, threw her shawl about him and hustled him into the house.

"*Neechevo,*" muttered the old man, looking very unhappy in spite of his politely reassuring, "It's nothing." Vanka had been ailing, he explained apologetically.

Jimmie's father looked concerned; he drew from his pocket a bar of American chocolate and gave it to the old man for his grandson.

Jimmie had thought that their homecoming would be triumphant, but somehow he felt like a sneak thief as he came into the house behind his father.



The more frantically he pursued the gobbler, the more excited it became

"Of all things, a turkey!" His mother was quite properly astounded and pleased. "So we'll have a Thanksgiving feast after all!"

His father pretended not to notice Jimmie's dejected silence. A practical engineer could not give way to sentiment about a turkey gobbler. Millions of them were slaughtered every year at home to make a national holiday. In a matter-of-fact way, he set about making a pen out of a packing box in the shed.

"A makeshift place will do," he remarked with apparent callousness. "We'll chop its head off tomorrow, anyhow."

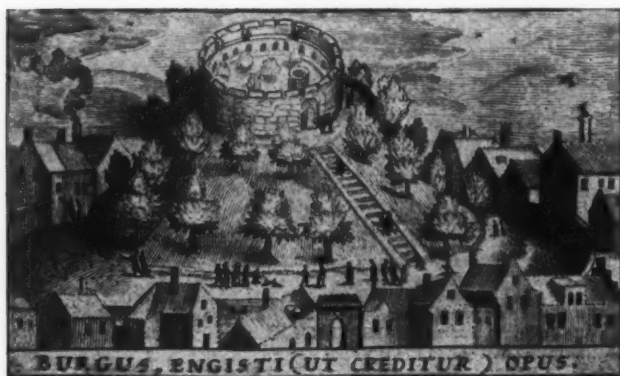
The doomed turkey remained very quiet. His gay-colored tail feathers drooped, as they thrust him into the narrow quarters which he was to occupy for so short a time.

Jimmie could not tear himself away from the shed. He crouched beside the box, now and then reaching his hand through the slats to pat the prisoner or offer him food. Through the padded door into the community kitchen he could hear the maids of the neighbors talking and laughing loudly as they cooked supper. He had often watched them preparing fowl and game, and the sight had sickened him. It was hard to think that that Russian boy's turkey should suffer such a fate.

That night Jimmie tossed on his cot. The tear-stained face of the Russian boy rose before him accusingly. In his ears rang that weak voice: "No, no, that's my little turkey!" It seemed to Jimmie that there was only one thing to do, and he must do it alone. His parents would not understand. His father would think he was a sissy. . . .

As soon as it was light, Jimmie stealthily crept out of bed and got into his clothes and

(Concluded on page 76)



The old print at left shows the ancient look-out from which the stranded people of Leyden could see the Spanish armies waiting for the city to give in. Below are two coins and a stamp honoring the brave town

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Leyden's Thanksgiving

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

THE third of October is Thanksgiving Day in Leyden. The Pilgrims when they dwelt there heard often why this was so. For when they were in Holland, before they sailed in the *Mayflower* for the New World, the Pilgrims lived in Bell Alley, close by Saint Pieter's Church. On each Thanksgiving Day the bell of that church always gave forth the most triumphant peals of all the bells in Leyden.

This was because Saint Pieter's Church had played such an important part before and during that first Thanksgiving Day in 1574. On that day everyone in Leyden able to walk had gathered inside to thank God for saving their city.

For the Leydeners had been among those Dutchmen who had chosen to fight against the dictatorship of the King of Spain. The King wanted to take away all the old rights of the Dutch, and did not wish to consider at all their request for a new right—the right to freedom of worship. Moreover, not being satisfied with the gold and silver coming into Spain yearly with the treasure fleet from America, the King had decided to tax the Dutch unmercifully.

Under the leadership of the Prince of Orange the people of Holland first decided to ask for their rights. But, when the King's messenger sneeringly called them "Beggars" for even daring to assume they had rights, the Dutch decided to fight.

Since most of the people lived in towns, the King of Spain, who had the best army in all Europe, thought all it would be necessary for him to do was to conquer a few of the Dutch-

men's richest towns.

First he conquered Haarlem, though that city held out all one winter. But he failed at taking Alkmaar. Alkmaar was smaller than Haarlem, but its city walls were stronger. Then it was Leyden's turn.

Meanwhile the Dutch had formed their own groups to fight for liberty. They called these groups Beggars, even as the King's messenger himself had named them. There were Seabeggars and Landbeggars. They declared they would help each other fight for liberty.

The Seabeggars seized Brill, which was a town on an island. They won an amazing naval victory against the enemy. These victories gave the Dutch courage.

So when the Spaniards arranged their forces about Leyden in the month of May, the Prince of Orange sent a message to the people asking them to try to hold out for three months, and he would find some means of helping them.

Now, Leyden was a city of working people, where fine woolen cloth was made. Above the gates of its city was the head of a ram, for so the Leydeners gave honor to the flocks which provided them with wool to spin and weave.

When the siege of Leyden began, although they did not realize it, the people of Leyden began weaving on a new pattern, the pattern of liberty. Their Burgomaster, Adrian van der Werf, above all others showed them how to weave that pattern.

By August, the people could see the end of their rations, and the Burgomaster sent word



to the Prince of Orange that he must fulfill his promise and help Leyden.

The Spaniards were thick all about the city. Occasionally a messenger managed to slip out, but almost never could one manage to return to the city. For the Spaniards thought that if the Leydeners received no word at all from the outside, their fear would increase. They would think no one was trying to help them. And they would then surrender.

But the messenger who went to the Prince of Orange took with him another and smaller messenger, who was to have no trouble at all in returning, no matter how many Spaniards were about the city. This messenger was a carrier pigeon.

He brought back to van der Werf a tiny letter from the Prince of Orange himself. In it the Prince told of his plan. He was going to cut the dikes and try to float ships loaded with food to Leyden's very gates. Yes, even through those gates and into the city itself.

Leyden was on high land, but all about it the meadows and fields were much lower, so this might be possible. The Seabeggars, Orange wrote, would be in charge of the rescue boats.

The letter came in August. The Prince did not mention the fact that he himself was very ill. For a time it was thought that he would die. Without their leader, who knew what

What enemy could conquer such a people, such a town?

As soon as the Prince recovered, the Seabeggars moved. They sailed first from Rotterdam to the Landscheiding, a great dike which served to wall out the sea.

The Beggars cut the dike and sailed through. But they found themselves face to face with a strong force of Spaniards, and finally they withdrew.

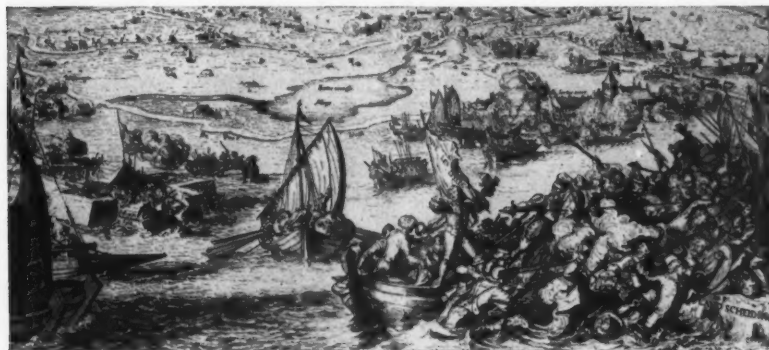
The cutting of the dikes had been disappointing, for the water had not risen as the Dutch had hoped it would. Then a boat-builder suggested to the Beggars' Admiral that if he came in toward Leyden more from the east the waters might be deeper.

The Beggars' ships therefore seemed to retreat, and as they departed they were followed by the jeers of the Spaniards. In Leyden the sound of gunfire could be heard no longer, and the Leydeners, who had hoped for a rescue, looked at each other in despair.

But the Beggars had not given up. They did find the water deeper to the east, and finally they sailed their entire fleet on a lake not far from Leyden.

Meanwhile in Leyden the slim rations were cut yet more, and horse meat was added to the meager amount given out in Saint Pieter's Church every four days.

Some in the town thought it would be better



COURTESY D. C. HEATH & CO.

might happen to the rebellious Dutch? Who knew what might happen to Leyden?

Inside the city every herb, every leaf of green grass was eaten. The Spaniards would draw near enough to the city to call jeeringly, "We hear you are eating dogs and cats."

But the sturdy Dutch flung back the words. "Yes, it is true. Understand, then, that as long as you hear a dog bark or a cat mew inside these walls, this city is holding!"

Left: at last the water began to rise and the wind came, and Leydeners saw the Spanish armies retreating. Below: the rescue fleet sailed into the city, bringing food and comfort to the thankful town



to surrender, and they gathered about Burgomaster van der Werf one day demanding that he give up the town to the Spaniards. "We will kill you if you don't," they hissed.

The Burgomaster stood with his back against one of Leyden's churches and faced the mob. "I have taken an oath," he said calmly, "to be faithful to Orange. I shall not break that oath. Kill me, if you like, and divide my body among you for food if it can so serve you. I shall not surrender the town."

The mob was so impressed at his words that those who would have killed him cheered him instead, and went to the walls of the city to look once again over the countryside to see whether there was any sign of relief.

The Spaniards, who had heard of the Prince's plan, jeered once again. "Can you see the sea coming to Leyden?" they demanded. "Can you?"

The Leydeners could see nothing. But suddenly they heard something. For as soon as the Admiral of the Seabeggars had his boats drawn up on the lake to the east of Leyden, he had them fire a salute to the besieged town.

It wasn't much, perhaps, just to hear the sound of guns. But it was enough. The Leydeners knew their Prince was still trying to aid them. The only difficulty was that the cutting of the dikes had not raised the water as had been hoped. To provide additional water the wind must blow from the sea—from the west. Yet all through that terrible month of September the wind blew always from the east.

Finally Leyden managed to get through to the Admiral a messenger bearing carrier pigeons. And with these the Admiral was able to prepare his first word for the city.

Meanwhile Leyden was giving its last refusal to the Spanish: "We will not surrender! We will wait on God's will!"

Then the first carrier pigeon came in. "Pray," begged the Admiral, "for the wind to change." The second pigeon brought words of encouragement from the Prince himself.

The people of Leyden prayed. But the weather vane on Saint Pieter's Church still faced the west.

Yet, though no one knew it, the Spaniards were becoming exceedingly nervous. They were not accustomed to sloshing about in water, and they felt certain it was rising.

The people of Leyden prayed. And though the water didn't seem to be rising much, fear was rising very fast in the Spaniards' hearts.

Then someone in Leyden cried out, and

everyone who was able ran to the doors or the windows. It did seem as though the weather vane, the bronzed cock on Saint Pieter's Church, was moving the least bit. And, even as the people watched, the cock swung all the way round. The wind was blowing from the west, from the North Sea! And such a wind!

It blew and blew until there was a regular gale. Then came the high tide of the autumn. This and the gale swept the water from the sea inland and through the broken dikes. Deeper and deeper grew the waters.

And then the wind veered the least bit. All that mighty mass of water was sweeping straight toward Leyden. Out of the lake moved the rescue fleet, sailing and scraping and sometimes being pushed by sailors who stood knee deep in the water. The fleet was crossing the meadows.

The Spaniards did not stop to watch. They fled pell-mell from their forts, though their general did pause long enough to leave a note. "We are beaten," it read, "not by the Dutch, but by the waters." They were really beaten by the steadfastness of Leyden.

On a Sunday at nine o'clock in the morning, the rescue fleet sailed straight through the city gate. Those in the city who had survived starvation and the plague—and this was but half the population—greeted them with tears as the sailors flung them bread and herrings.

A little boy, who had run out along a raised path to meet the fleet, lugged into the city a great kettle of *hutch putch*, a thick stew of meat and vegetables. He had found it in the nearest Spanish fort, still boiling merrily over the Spaniard's fire.

But the Admiral of the Seabeggars saw at a glance that the ravages of the siege must be hidden. The town must be cleaned up, the sick cared for, the dead buried.

Quietly he gave orders to his men, while to the citizens of Leyden he said aloud, "Follow me."

Straight to Saint Pieter's Church he went, and there the Leydeners raised their voices in thanksgiving to God. There was a great sense of brotherhood, even though Leyden had believers in the Old Christian Faith and the New, and many believers in the Jewish faith were likewise in their gates.

The next day, the Prince of Orange came to rejoice with them. "What will you have for a reward?" he asked. For he felt that the strength of Leyden might prove the turning

(Concluded on page 76)

Pilgrims of the Southwest

MARGARET CURTIS McKAY

Legend has it that the mission bell was made of gold and silver given by people in a besieged community in old Spain, to honor St. Joseph, who then saved them. Later it was sent to the U. S. to protect New World pilgrims



© T. HARMAN PARKHURST

MORE THAN ten years before that stormy day on which the Pilgrim Fathers landed from the *Mayflower* at Plymouth Rock, other pilgrims had found their way to the New Land and were already settled in a town of their own building. These pilgrims came from Mexico.

For many years rumor of a vast, rich territory to the north had been circulating among the Spaniards in Mexico. As early as 1561, Francisco Ibarra returned from an expedition proclaiming that the new land he had seen was "as marvelous as a New Mexico." But it was not until 1598 that any serious attempt at colonizing was undertaken. In that year—twenty-two years before the *Mayflower* crossed the sea—a company set out from Mexico for the New Land.

Don Juan de Oñate was at the head of this company, and behind him came "resplendent captains and soldiers, sombre friars fingering their rosaries, four hundred colonists driving seven thousand cattle and sheep." They brought their families and settled in the wilderness that is now our Southwest.

Out of the hardihood and faith of these first settlers was founded, sometime between 1609 and 1614, a "new villa," or city. They called the new city "La Villa Real de la Santa Fe de San Francisco de Assisi." It sounds quite as beautiful in English—"The Royal City of



COURTESY NEW MEXICO STATE TOURIST BUREAU

The Mission of San Miguel in Santa Fe, New Mexico, is oldest in the U. S. It was burned during the Indian Rebellion in 1680, is now restored

the Holy Faith of Saint Francis of Assisi."

We Americans today call that city simply Santa Fe. And this is a curious fact:—although it was settled earlier than Plymouth, and but a few years after the first English colony in the New World, Jamestown, Virginia, Santa Fe has kept its own peculiar atmosphere.

Go to Plymouth today and you find yourself in a New England town, not unlike many another in New England, New York, or even in Ohio. Go to Jamestown and you see the ruins of an old church in a peaceful solitude that is as little marked by race or breed or time as the broad river flowing by. Go even to St. Augustine, Florida (itself, like Santa Fe, settled by Spaniards), and, except for the Oldest House in America and one or two other landmarks that recall the days of Ponce de Leon in the streets which mark the Old Town, you will find yourself in a typical modern Florida tourist town.

But go to Santa Fe, New Mexico, and you step into another age, another culture, a blending of old and new, unlike anything else I have seen in America. There half the people still speak Spanish and nine weekly newspapers and one illustrated monthly are published in Spanish. There you may still see the ancient Palace of the Governors, who ruled the land for many years in the name of Spain.

They exerted a power over the Indians that surpassed that in any of the eastern colonies whether under French, Dutch or English control. The domain extended to the Mississippi on the east and to the Pacific Ocean on the west; to New Biscay on the south, and to those unknown regions of the north where only the trapper or hunter or wild Indian roamed.

In Santa Fe you may see the oldest church in America, San Miguel. It was built for the Tlascalan Indians by the Franciscan monks as early, some historians say, as 1605. Above the high altar are the marks of attacks by hostile Indians. Some of the pictures hanging there are more than three hundred years old. At the back of the church, suspended from a low crossbar, hangs the ancient bell of San José. It is about the size of the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia which rang out American Independence in 1776. It bears the inscription, *San José ruega por nosotros*. (St. Joseph pray for us.)

There is a legend about the old bell. It is said to have been cast in a little town in the province of Andalusia, in Spain, about 1356. At that time a war was raging between the Christians and the Moors. The people of the little village promised a bell to St. Joseph to show their faith that he would deliver them from their enemies. So they brought their gold and silver plate, their richest jewels, their brooches, bracelets and rings, and threw them

all into the melting pot. And when the great bell was cast, their prayers were answered.

Just how the bell found its way to the New World is not known. At any rate, here it is in our country, as much a part of our American heritage as the much better known Liberty Bell. San José has a peculiarly soft and lovely tone, on the "richness of gold and the sweetness of sacrifice." Some unknown poet describes it thus:

Strike it now and you shall hear,
Sweet and soft and silver clear,
Such a note as thrills your heart
With its tender, magic art,
Echoing softly through the gloom,
Of that ancient, storied room;
Dying softly, far away
In the church at Santa Fe.

Yet with all its echoes of the past, Santa Fe is an American city inhabited by Americans. The school children there sing "America," as do all school children throughout this great, free land of ours. Are they less American because their forefathers came from Mexico?

It is true of nearly all of us: our forefathers came to America as pilgrims, or wayfarers at least. Many most certainly came as devotees to a holy place, the place of Freedom. So, you see, our "land of the Pilgrims' pride" is the land of all those wayfarers, who here found a home and helped to build our nation.

Chili Days

A NEW MEXICAN BOY. Helen Laughlin Marshall. Holiday House, New York, 1940. \$2.00.

SOME PEOPLE only like stories of dangers and accidents and escapes. If you are that sort, you will find only two or three chapters in this little book exciting. But instead, if you enjoy the change of the seasons and look forward to different holidays like Christmas and Easter, then you will like the book from beginning to end. It takes a happy, loving New Mexican family of today through one year of their lives, beginning in autumn. Pancho, the middle son in the large family, thought it was the prettiest time of the year, with every adobe house hung with red blankets of drying chili, with "the trees burning with yellow and orange, and over all the enormous, deep blue sky, where great continents of snowy clouds floated free."

The book explains that Pancho's ancestors were, next to the American Indians, the oldest

Americans. "They were singing with guitars on sunny doorsteps before the Pilgrims landed on a stern and rockbound shore, before the Cavaliers began carving plantations out of the wilderness of Virginia."

Pancho and his own small burro, Paco, grow through the year together. On the day the little burro is born, Doña Josefa, the children's grandmother, tells them the beautiful legend about all burros born with white stars on their foreheads and black crosses on their backs. When the piñata of toys is broken at Christmastime, Pancho agrees that Paco is still the nicest possible present. The small burro, garlanded with flowers, even plays a part at the wedding of Pancho's handsome older brother. At the end of the year Pancho and Paco go out with the rest of the village people to gather piñon-nuts. By accident, they are left to spend a night alone on the mesa. After that they really begin to feel grown up.—M. L. F.

Our Spanish Heritage

From: *San Luis Obispo Junior
High School, San Luis
Obispo, California*

To: *Gardiner, Maine*



The old mission at Santa Barbara, California

IN 1542, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, a Portuguese navigator in the service of Spain, sailed from Navidad on the west coast of Mexico, with 559 men and two ships, the *San Salvador* and the *Victoria*. He was trying to find the Straits of Anian, which were believed to connect the Atlantic and Pacific.

On his exploration, he found strange people and a new land. The voyage was full of danger. The two ships seemed very small in the face of those angry storm waters, but Cabrillo sailed on ever northward. He stopped on the west coast of Lower California and on one occasion heard from some Indians that they had seen other white men.

At last with high hopes Cabrillo entered the northern waters on which no Spanish vessel had ever sailed. After three full months of dangerous sailing, they entered the San Diego Bay which Cabrillo named San Miguel. After resting from a severe storm, he put to sea again, visited the islands of Santa Catalina, San Pedro and Santa Monica, and finally made Point Conception near Bodega Bay, the most northern point reached.

Contrary winds forced him southward. He died January 3, 1543, at San Miguel, without knowing that he had discovered one of the greatest and best lands on earth.

In May, 1602, the Spanish navigator, Sebastian Vizcaino, started from Mexico. He had been sent on an expedition to the north by the Spanish viceroy. After six months, he reached San Diego, where Cabrillo had been sixty years before. Next, he visited the island of Santa Catalina, where he gathered information about the Indians and their habits.

On December 16, 1602, he sailed into Monterey Bay. After landing, his company sang the *Te Deum* under an oak tree which became known as the "Oak of Vizcaino." He found

much game, grizzly bears whose tracks measured nine inches across, and elk whose antlers measured yards across. There were ducks, geese and quail, as well as deer and mountain lions.

Soon, Vizcaino started north. As a storm soon arose and the ship was at its mercy, he turned south. After two months of sailing, he reached Acapulco alive. He made a report to the viceroy and begged to go again, but this request was not granted.

Catholic priests played a great part in the colonial history of California. The greatest of them all was Father Junípero Serra, who will always be remembered as California's "Knight of the Cross." He was born in the village of Petra on the island of Majorca. Soon he decided to be a missionary and, when he was sixteen, he became a Franciscan. In 1749, Father Serra joined a company of missionaries about to leave for Vera Cruz in the New World.

In 1767, at the age of fifty-six, Father Serra was delighted to receive his appointment as Father-President. His commission gave him control of the religious forces which were to occupy Alto [Upper] California. With Gaspar Portola, he set out to found missions there, just as the Jesuits had done in Baja [Lower] California.

Toil, struggle, sacrifice and determination describe the life of the Father-President in California. His religious zeal and serene character helped him to survive unbelievable hardships and disappointments. At the age of seventy, his heroic work was ended. He was buried at the Mission Carmel, where there is now a monument to his great contribution to Spanish California.

Father Serra entered the new world with few men. He founded the San Diego Mission, the first mission to be built. The founding of Santa Ynez in September, 1804, completed what has been called the spiritual occupation of the area between the coast range and the ocean from San Diego to San Francisco. It was now an easy ride from mission to mission along El Camino Real; the peril and much of the hardship of early travel were at an end. In all, there were twenty-one California missions. The last was San Francisco de Solano, which was founded in 1823.

The construction of the whole group of buildings at any of the missions was an undertaking extending over many years. Buildings were added or enlarged as the need arose. For instance, at the Mission San Luis Obispo, the padre's house and the church now standing were not built until 1792-94, while the belfry was added to the church in 1832.

The mission plan was L-shaped. In this L-shaped yard, you would find the work houses, guest rooms, weaving parlors and other rooms. The church was the most important building in the mission. These rooms and the church were made of adobe. The roof was covered with rough tile, made by hand. Often tiny bunches of moss grew on them. The arches of the belfry were uneven, and often drooped at the corners. The walls were rough because the Indian workers used their hands for smoothing them, instead of the modern machines that we use.

The garden was in the center of the mission. In the garden was a fountain which supplied the establishment with water.

There is an interesting story of the building of San Juan Capistrano. This mission was first set up outdoors, and covered over with a white cloth. There was no rain in the summertime, so this outdoor chapel worked well, but, when the rain started falling, the padres began to build a chapel of wood. The Indians of the hills were upset and angry. They threw flaming arrows at the roof of the chapel, and it burned. Father Serra was not to be discouraged. He made a mission of adobe, a sun-dried brick. All the rest of the missions built by Father Serra were made of adobe. Later they worked out a tile roof so that burning arrows had no effect.

Some of the missions have been gradually going to ruin. As the government wishes to preserve the beauty of these historic buildings, much restoration work has been done. Clay or some hard substance has been used to

reinforce the walls, and an effort has been made to keep the missions just as the early Californians knew them.

Life in the missions varied little from day to day. At sunrise, the Indian workers rose and went to chapel. After mass and religious instruction came breakfast, consisting of *atole*, a corn-meal porridge. Meat was seldom had at regular meals. The work was done in squads and varied according to the locality and climate. The Indians cared for the neighboring *ranchos* and for the mission gardens and orchards. They did all the necessary work around the mission, such as digging ditches for irrigation or making bricks. The *padres* taught them carpentering, brickmaking and leather-working. No one was idle.

At eleven o'clock, dinner was served in the mission. The Indians rested until two o'clock, and then resumed their work until sunset, when the bell tolled for Angelus. At that time, the Indians gathered for prayers and the rosary. After supper, they were free to take part in a dance or some simple form of amusement.

Along the coast of California, large grants of land were given to favored subjects by the rulers of Spain and Mexico. The missions received most of the land, but some individuals received as many as twenty-five or fifty thousand acres, which were called *ranchos*.

The homes were generally built of adobe around a court into which all rooms opened. In better-class homes, the court had several feet of space covered by tiles which formed a veranda where the family spent their leisure hours. The men smoked *cigaritos*, and the children made merry. Here the *rancheros* received visitors. On the long summer evenings, you could hear violin and guitar music. Also the *rancheros* would dance.

Taking care of a household was no easy matter. The mistress was the first one up. She would wake the rest of the family, and tell them to say their *albas*. The *alba* was a beautiful prayer of thanksgiving. No excuse for lying abed was accepted; all must get up and kneel on the floor. Then the mistress went into the room where the foreman and his men were waiting. She would say, "Your *albas*, my children." They all knelt, foreman, *vaqueros*, cook, Indian girls, and all.

After their prayers, the children could do as they wished. They might return to bed, but before they could sleep, they would have to answer some question given by their grandfather in a distant room. The question might

be, "Children, who made you?" And they would answer, "El Dios."

The early Californians ate nothing with the morning coffee but the *tortilla*. This is a corn-meal cake made on a *metate*, a stone hollowed out in the center. The grain was ground with a smaller stone.

After his coffee, the master rose, put on his wide-brimmed sombrero, and, attended by his sons if they were old enough, rode out with his foreman to look after his Indian *vaqueros* and workmen.

The early Californians were very hospitable, and a stranger was never turned away.

The word *pueblo* means a town or village. It is a corporate town with certain rights of jurisdiction and administration. In Spanish America, a regular pueblo grant consisted, by law, of four square leagues of land laid off roughly in the form of a square or oblong tract. First the settlers carefully selected a place for the plaza, or public square, which was in the very middle of the pueblo. Then along the four sides were the council, the community church, other public buildings and the leading private establishments. The courthouse was at the center of the plaza. The rest of the land was divided into building sites for the homes of the settlers. Besides the lots for homes, there were strips of farm land

called "commons," located at a distance from the pueblos. There was also common wood and pasture land.

Generous inducements were held out to prospective settlers to become colonists and live in a pueblo. The settlers were known as *pobladores*. In addition to a house, lot, and farm and pasture land, each *poblador* was entitled to articles of clothing and supplies enough for seven years. He was entitled to the use of livestock and farming tools as well as government land, and he did not have to pay taxes for five years. In return, he was expected to sell his goods and products to the presidios. He was subject to military service, and might be called upon to dig ditches and perform other work for the community.

Presidios were forts organized to help protect the settlements. The population at first consisted of about eighty soldiers and their officers. Gradually, the presidio changed to a more attractive and civilized community. With very slow progress, towns began to grow up around the presidios.

During the Spanish period, only men with good characters were admitted to the presidial companies. There were also other requirements. The candidates had to be physically strong, brave, well-accustomed to Indian warfare, long-enduring, loyal to the last degree.



After a month, the second rat in every case had gained more weight, had brighter eyes, a softer and thicker coat, and a definitely better disposition than the first

FOOD PROOF

Classrooms in thirty-two Omaha, Nebraska, schools fed one of two white rats on meat, potatoes, white bread, candy and water; the other was fed meat, potatoes, whole grain bread, butter, milk, fruit and vegetables





HESS-PANAIR

A group of gauchos, with fringed capes, or "ponchos," flying, arrives in Bagé, a big cattle town in southern Brazil. They call their horses "pingas"



AB, REIFE
Seafod,
eaten. H

Nos Estados Unidos

American egrets might be called "Good Neighbor" birds, for some fly south from the Carolinas to winter in Brazil. Because their soft plumes are especially lovely during breeding time, they were hunted until they became almost extinct. Now our government protects them

The boy below plays with a toy jangado. Real jangadas are small rafts made of logs, with a little bench to sit on. Fishermen sail them far out to sea



A favorite with Brazilian children is coconut milk, bought from vendors on beaches and drunk from the shell through a straw



Along Brazil
fishermen li

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PANAIR FROM KELSEY COLLECTION



...ed, such as shrimp and the famous flying fish, is widely
... Here, fishermen weave an ingenious fish trap

os do Brasil



g Brazil's Atlantic coastline, which extends for over 4,000 miles,
men like these haul in their nets to supply inland cities with fish



Brazil's carnauba trees, such as this one,
supply carnauba wax for your floors, phono-
graph records and electric insulation

HESS, PANAIR



Above, a very young merchant arranges his
pottery wares in a busy Brazilian market

Lacemaking, first introduced by nuns, is one
of the great crafts of Brazil. The girl at left
is making pillow lace

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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NO. 3

National Officers of the American Red Cross

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Enrollment for Service

YOU WILL NOTICE that on the cover we have printed "Enrollment for Service, November 1-15." This year that is the period for enrollment in the American Junior Red Cross; but, after the enrollment, the service should go right on through the year until the time for signing up as members rolls around again. Have you noticed how many services you have a chance to give if you are part of the junior membership of the big American Red Cross? How many of those represented on the cover this month is your school carrying on or planning to carry on this year?

Don't forget, we'd like you to tell us what you are doing and planning to do. We'd like, too, to know how you are raising the money for your Service Fund, so that you may be able to meet the budget for the plans you have made. More than ever, we want to have good ideas to pass on to members everywhere through the News. You probably all understand by this time that the items in News Parade are not put in for "publicity" or pats on the back. Every one of them is chosen for its value as a suggestion of things to do and ways to do them. And that reminds us, if your enrollment fee of fifty cents for every classroom is not turned over promptly to your Junior Red Cross Chairman, it will be late getting to Area Headquarters. Then your copies of the News will be delayed. There's a lot going on these days that you will not want to miss.

Weather Vanes

FRANCES FROST

November should be cold and grey,
November should be surly,
with bitter rain upon the world
and winter coming early.

Yet here's November with a gust,
heady and sweet as honey,
with chickadees in the mountain-ash,
and every hilltop sunny.

But the golden horses on the barns
rear firmly north together,
knowing what autumn mischief lurks
behind this April weather.

For the United Nations Scrapbook

A ROYAL AIR FORCE pilot flying over the Netherlands last summer reported that he looked down on fields of tulips planted in the form of the Dutch flag—a band of dark purple for the blue, a band of white, a band of red.

Down by the Thames River is Rotherhithe, one of the poorest parts of London. For generations, the men of Rotherhithe have worked at making barges and ships' masts. For some time now, business has not been too good down there. Besides, Rotherhithe got some bad bomb doses. A group of Americans living in London contributed money for the improvement of a three-hundred-year-old warehouse known as Queen's House, so that it might be a sort of community center for the children and young people of the neighborhood. Not long after the attack on Pearl Harbor, there was a children's party at Queen's House. There was a surprise at the party; for, without saying a word to anyone about it, the children of Rotherhithe had made up their minds to earn money and send it to help American children who suffered in the bombing of Honolulu. On the night of the party, forty children marched up, one by one, and handed in the hard-earned pennies they might have used to buy some little extras for themselves. The sum was three shillings, ninepence, halfpenny. Our Ambassador to England, John G. Winant, was proud to pass on the gift to the American Red Cross, and the American Red Cross was proud to receive it and to see that it was made part of the relief fund for Hawaii.

Are you making United Nations flags?
Have you started a United Nations scrapbook?

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

August 31, 1942

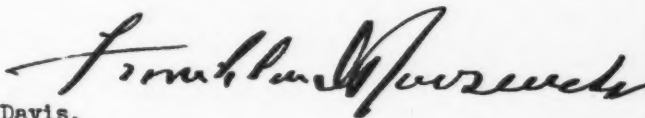
Dear Chairman Davis:

Twenty-five years ago on September fifteenth, President Woodrow Wilson announced the formation by the American Red Cross of a junior membership organization with school activities. In this message, he commended the new organization to school officials and teachers and invited the boys and girls of the nation to help meet the great needs of our nation at war, through the American Junior Red Cross.

Ever since those days, the membership of the American Junior Red Cross has continued to serve. It has been an active organization, working in the schools under the guidance of the teachers and devoting itself to outstanding local, national and international service.

As President of the United States and as President of the American Red Cross, I commend the American Junior Red Cross for so amply justifying the faith of those who were its founders twenty-five years ago. I am confident that the future achievements of the organization will be ever increased. The needs of our nation at war are great. The American Junior Red Cross, because it has already proved its ability, can be counted on to assist greatly toward meeting those needs.

Very sincerely yours,



Honorable Norman H. Davis,
Chairman,
American Red Cross,
Washington, D. C.

Facsimiles of this letter, suitable for framing, with the President's signature and "The White House, Washington" printed in blue, can be obtained free from the Area offices of the American National Red Cross

Emperors of Brazil

FRANCES MARGARET FOX

ONE morning long, long ago, Prince John of Portugal had bad news.

"Napoleon is marching over the mountains with more soldiers than you ever saw!" he was told. "Napoleon says he will put you and all the royal family in prison, and put your mother's crown on his own head. Then he will be King of Portugal and of Brazil in South America!"

Queen Maria, the mother of Prince John, was insane, so Prince John was ruler of Portugal in her place. He loved his mother. He loved his eight children and their mother. He saw that all of them were in great danger. So he decided to pack up and sail to Brazil.

Brazil belonged to his country because Cabral, a sailor of Portugal, had discovered the lovely land in the days of Columbus. During the next three hundred years, many families from Portugal had moved to Brazil. They had built cities, lived in beautiful homes, and obeyed the governors sent out to them from Portugal.

Thus it came about that for the first time in the story of the world, a royal family packed their belongings and sailed across the sea to the Western Hemisphere. They packed their golden crown. They packed the crown jewels. They stuffed bags with money, packed their Sunday clothes, and went on board the three waiting ships. Hundreds of people that day said good-bye to their old homes in Portugal and sailed with the royal family to Brazil.

On the way to his ship, Prince John told his driver to stop the horses. Then he stepped from the royal coach, splash-splash into the deep mud of the street, for the rain was pouring down in torrents. The road was crowded with heartbroken people with tears rolling down their faces. Prince John longed to comfort them.

"I shall come back to you when the war is over," he promised.

Then, standing in the mud, wet to the skin, he himself was comforted, for the people cheered and cheered. They followed his coach all the way to the pier, calling, "God save the King!"

The royal family, the lords and ladies, and all others on board the three crowded ships had to sleep at night all of the way over the

ocean in the clothes they were wearing when they left Lisbon. There were no beds, and there were few blankets. There was not enough drinking water and not a drop for bathing.

The eight children of the royal family were separated. The boys were on one ship with their father, while their mother and sisters were on another.

It was a terrible voyage; but when the ships arrived safely at Bahia, there was great rejoicing. Gifts of soap and water, clean clothing and food were showered upon the refugees. Prince John led a procession with his little son Dom Pedro by his side, and a thanksgiving service was held in the church before the fleet sailed on to Rio de Janeiro. The name means River of January. The men who discovered this wonderful harbor on the first day of January in 1502, had supposed that the landlocked bay was the mouth of a river.

Queen Maria was taken from the ship to a convent. There the pitying nuns cared for her tenderly until she died soon afterward.

The royal children were delighted by the crowds that welcomed them at Rio de Janeiro, where the scenery was enchanting. They laughed and shouted in the tiny boats that carried them to the shore. The news spread that "The Little Ones" had come, and the people were wild with joy.

Then came the great surprise. A rich planter was introduced to Prince John. He bowed low and said, "Will Your Royal Highness please accept as a gift an estate in the hills, where I have built and furnished a mansion for you?"

Prince John gladly accepted the estate which became known as The Palace.

When Queen Maria died in the convent, Prince John was crowned King of Brazil.

In time, news came to The Palace that Napoleon was a prisoner on the Island of St. Helena, and King John sailed home to Lisbon with all of his family excepting Dom Pedro.

King John died soon afterward in Portugal. Then Dom Pedro was proclaimed King of Portugal and Emperor of Brazil.

Meantime, Brazil no longer belonged to Portugal, but had become independent. When the Brazilians said to Dom Pedro, "You must

When Prince John and his family arrived in Brazil, they were presented with a palace in the hills near Rio de Janeiro. Here his grandson, Dom Pedro II, invited "The Family of Brazil"—the poor, the outcasts, the slaves, who told the Emperor their troubles



COURTESY PAN AMERICAN UNION

choose between Portugal and Brazil," he chose Brazil.

But a day came when Dom Pedro was obliged to say good-bye to the land he loved, and sail to Portugal. Even so he left all but one of his children in Brazil. When he died, his little son Dom Pedro II was only five years old. When he was fifteen, the boy became Emperor of Brazil. He was a happy child, and all Brazil loved him. The people were proud that he was born in America. When he grew up, he became known as Pedro the Good. An Italian princess was his bride.

On one afternoon of every week, Dom Pedro II invited those whom he called "The Family of Brazil" to visit him. All the outcasts, Indians, slaves, beggars, all with troubles, were admitted to talk with their Emperor.

At last Dom Pedro II decided to go traveling. He left his daughter, the Princess Isabella, and her husband to rule Brazil in his place while he was gone. First he visited far-away places in his own vast country. Then he sailed to Europe where he and his wife had a good time and won friends for Brazil. When they got back to Rio de Janeiro, cheering crowds met their ship and showered them with flowers, while the bands played joyful music.

Three years later, Dom Pedro II and his wife sailed to New York. From there they went to San Francisco on a sightseeing trip. Dom Pedro was interested in our new invention, the telephone. He thought it great fun to watch the porters make beds on the Pullman cars, and to ask them questions.

Home again in Brazil, Dom Pedro II did all he could for the good of his country. To help the Indians, he learned their language, and he helped free the slaves. At last he was so

ill with malaria that his doctors sent him to Switzerland for a cure. From there he went to Italy. But he was homesick. He loved Brazil, and over and over he said, "I want to go home."

When he could be moved, he sailed home to Rio de Janeiro. It was the twenty-second day of August, in the year 1888, when Pedro the Good reached the city of his birth. But no bands played for him that day. No crowds cheered. No children sang and scattered flowers before him. Only his daughter, the Princess Isabella, and a few friends met him at the pier. For the people no longer wanted to be ruled by an emperor.

One November day, the church bells rang in Rio de Janeiro to celebrate the birth of the Republic of Brazil. The President of the new republic called at The Palace and asked Dom Pedro II, who had been emperor for fifty years, to leave his home immediately. A ship was waiting, he said, to take the family to Europe.

"Your friends know nothing of this," said the President. "As soon as they learn of all that has happened, they will come. There will be trouble."

To save Brazil from bloodshed, Dom Pedro agreed to go, for he cared more for the happiness of his country than for his throne.

"Show me the way," he said.

Quickly the awakened family dressed, and soon were on board the ship which carried them away from their homeland. Two years later, when news came that the exiled Emperor had died in Paris, there was mourning everywhere in Brazil.

And to this day, in the great Republic of the United States of Brazil, the memory of Dom Pedro II is glorious.

Thanksgiving in Siberia

(Continued from page 61)

outdoor wraps. He tiptoed through the kitchen, lifted the bar on the back door and let himself into the cold shed. He pulled the shivering turkey out of his pen. The bird was willing enough to be driven out into the snow. It was a bitter morning. The red disk of the sun was rising from the white plains across the river, and the sky was tinted pale pink.

Jimmie had filled his pockets with raw cereal and pieces of black bread. By sprinkling bits of food along the path, he was able to coax the turkey along when he could not drive it before him. But it was a tedious journey. Besides, his store of food was nearly exhausted, and the harassed turkey, confused when the boy tried to drive it before him, turned off the path and ran lightly over the deep snow into the woods.

Jimmie stumbled after his charge, but now and then his boots went through the firm crust, and he had to struggle to regain a footing. The more frantically he pursued the gobbler, the more excited it became. It flapped its wings and skimmed through the air in long bounds. Jimmie strained every muscle to capture it, for now he feared that the fleeing bird might fly up into the branches of a tall tree. Finally, gasping for breath, he sank down to rest against a pine tree. The sky had turned gray after the first flush of dawn, and big snowflakes fell softly.

He was very sleepy after his wakeful night. His head nodded and he had to struggle to keep awake. Well, he would rest a while before going after the turkey. He closed his eyes for just a moment, and a delicious drowsiness crept over him. It seemed that his mother had covered him with a soft eiderdown quilt, he felt so snug and warm. . . .

Someone was shaking him. He looked up into his father's anxious face. "Son!" He felt him all over. "You're all right—the gobbler kept you warm, good old scout!"

Then Jimmie realized that the huge bird lay on top of him. Lonesome and cold, the pet turkey must have come back to him while he slept. He hugged its quivering body.

"I had to take him back to the Russian boy, daddy."

"Of course you did. Come now, Ivan's here with the sleigh."

In a short time, the sleigh had reached Krasny. They knocked on the inner door of the peasant's house and entered the warm room. No words were necessary. The peasant boy, red-eyed and wondering, slipped down from his bunk, and Jimmie placed the turkey in his arms. As Vanka held his pet close, a tremulous smile spread over his face. His eyes met Jimmie's in mute thanksgiving.

The old woman silently held out the package of needles and the spool of thread, and the old man the two paper rubles. Their faces did not show the struggle it cost them, but Jimmie suddenly realized how hard it was for them to return these treasures. At the same time, he thought how disappointed his mother was going to be. He had an inspiration.

"Goose?" he ventured, and since the word is the same in Russian, the peasants beamed comprehendingly, and his father looked pleased. It was the fattest goose in the barnyard that they carried home with them in place of Vanka's pet.

"I think Mamma will like the goose better," Jimmie assured his father happily as he snuggled down in the fur robe of the sleigh. "A great, big turkey like that must be awful tough, anyway!"

Leyden's Thanksgiving

(Continued from page 64)

of the tide in the Dutch struggle for independence. In this he proved right.

Now, the Netherlands led all Europe in having public schools for the people. So it was not strange that Leyden asked for a university, and this request was granted. The University of Leyden became the center for scholars who taught and practiced toleration. The town itself became naturally a city of refuge for those who were oppressed.

That is why, when the English Pilgrims asked permission to come there to dwell, there

was but one answer. It was, "Come."

When, later, those same Pilgrims were to journey to America, they remembered both the story of the siege and the happy ending. So when they, too, had lost half their number by sickness, and had learned what it meant to go hungry, they set aside a Day of Thanksgiving for the bountiful harvest. But, instead of loaves and herrings and *hutch putch*, with which the people of Leyden celebrate their Thanksgiving—or did until recently, the Pilgrims set for us the example of eating American turkey and cranberries.



PUBLICITY

News Parade

ENROLLMENT



A CHRISTMAS TOY SHOP, with everything priced to the taste of the most careful buyer, was planned by third-graders of the Grant School in Steubenville, Ohio. Starting weeks ahead of the holiday season, these boys and girls built a "shop," made and priced gifts, wrote advertisements and sent announcements of the Grand Opening. Letters from children in Great Britain, telling how boys and girls there enjoyed the gift boxes from the American Junior Red Cross, made Grant School members determined to earn money for the National Children's Fund so that help for children in Britain might be continued. Not just the gift boxes—cartons and transportation are paid for from the Fund—but playthings for children in air-raid shelters, and convalescent homes where youngsters can be safe in the countryside are all made possible through the support of the Fund by American Junior Red Cross members everywhere.

Almost fifty dollars was made during the time the shop was open. Included in the articles on sale were brooches made of tinted plaster of Paris; plaques of plaster of Paris; bracelets and necklaces made from shoe buttons, macaroni, pumpkin seeds and yarn. There were Santa Claus boots purchased at the dime store, trimmed with cotton and filled with pine cones; pot holders woven on small looms; bitter-sweet corsages tied with gay ribbon bows; Christmas corsages of holly, small bells and bright red bows. Vases and centerpieces purchased in

stores and filled with flowers or bittersweet were good sellers. And so were hair ribbons made into small and large bows, with bobby pins attached; candleholders, made from little logs with holes bored in them, and decorated with ribbons, pine cones and greens.

Out on the Pacific Coast, J. R. C. members of Seattle, Washington, from the kindergarten through high school, worked for weeks before Christmas making bright chains, cornucopias, stars and angels; in fact, dozens upon dozens of gay trimmings and figures were turned out to sell for the benefit of the National Children's Fund. As in years past, one of Seattle's large department stores, Frederick and Nelson, gave the Junior Red Cross a huge tree, which was set up in the store's auditorium and decorated with the handmade ornaments which overflowed into piles around the tree. At the dedication ceremonies, carols were sung by the John Hay School Girls' Glee Club. Quite a sum was made for the N. C. F. after all the trimmings had been sold. Notice on this page the picture of kindergarteners hard at work making paper chains.

For news of what the National Children's

Fund has been doing, watch the December issue of the News. There will be stories from Iceland and Great Britain as well as a full-color photograph of toys made in Boston, Massachusetts, for gift boxes.

Elihu Taft School members in Burlington, Vermont, start in right after Thanksgiving repairing and painting toys. With tools, paints and brushes, toys are made as



Every year Seattle, Washington, children earn money for the American Junior Red Cross National Children's Fund by making and selling Christmas tree decorations



BICYCLE CORPS

PRODUCTION FOR
THE ARMED FORCES

GIFT BOXES




VICTORY GARDENS



Smoking stands are among the many articles for men in service being turned out by boys at Western Junior High, Louisville, Kentucky

good as new in the "Santa Claus Workshop," and a report from the school says, "We hope that the children who receive these toys will have as much fun playing with them as we have had in repairing them."

 RECENTLY we received a fine exhibit of articles made by J. R. C. members in the Punahou School in Honolulu for men in our armed forces. Photograph albums and scrapbooks on different subjects (jokes, puzzles, maps) had bindings covered in paper of tapa design. Checkerboards, also backed with the same gay paper, carried black and red checkers cut from linoleum to save space. A folding cribbage board, pocket-size but large enough to enclose a deck of cards, had nails tucked away in tiny pockets for use as "pegs." Stories which had appeared serially were clipped, bound and beautifully lettered with the title and author.

This friendly greeting was included with each gift, along with a vocabulary of Hawaiian words which men in the armed forces, sta-

tioned on the Islands, will often hear: "Aloha, Friend!

"Punahou Service sends you this little *hookupu* to give you a very special welcome to our islands; more than the traditional greeting to tourist or *malihini*.

"Punahou School has been here a hundred years, for it was founded in 1841. We want to keep on being here. So we appreciate very much what you have done and are doing to keep these Islands free, free for ordinary people like us to live, free for a school like Punahou to keep on teaching what is true, what is American.

"To help say thank-you, we've organized Punahou Service, to fit in wherever we can in making your stay here a bit happier. So we mean it when we say *Mahalo*, and *Aloha*."

The Hawaiian words in the greeting were no mystery to the servicemen, with the vocabulary from Punahou members at hand. Here's what they mean: *hookupu*, gift; *malihini*, newcomer or, as the J. R. C. members put it, "you"; *mahalo*, thank you; and *aloha*, hello, greetings, love. "It is also used for good-bye," the Punahou members said, "but that's not how we mean it here."



ALL THROUGH the summer months J. R. C. members in Hawaii were busy with their Victory Gardens, and they had a fine harvest. This letter came in an album from fifth-graders in Pohukaina School in Honolulu, to a school in Mersea, Leamington, Ontario:

"We have a garden near Room 8 and Room 9 by the window. It is about sixty-four feet long. We have four or five kinds of vegetables. Some are big.

"We borrowed the hoe, pick and ax. We cut the trees down and took them away to the rubbish pile. This took us a long time. We went every morning to clean the garden. Then we were ready to make beds. We made them four or five feet long. We have sixteen beds. The seeds were brought by four or five children. The seeds were all good. A man brought some vegetables to plant in our garden. The teacher brought the fertilizer. It cost \$3.20 for 100 pounds. To get the fertilizer money back, we sold vegetables, and some of the fertilizer to other rooms."



WAR ON WASTE



VICTORY BOOK
CAMPAIGN



NATIONAL
CHILDREN'S FUND



SCHOOL
CORRESPONDENCE



JUNIOR RED CROSS members in unoccupied France are themselves doing all they can to be of service to their country. A group in the Alpes-Maritimes has adopted fifteen devastated schools, for example, sending them all sorts of useful things such as books, toys, school supplies, games and clothing of all kinds. They gave up part of their ration of sugar and chocolate in order to send sweets along with their other gifts. A school in Montpelier gathered wild cherries, and made jam to sell for their Service Fund. Applesauce, carefully packed in sterilized containers, was made by members of Périgueux for prisoners of war. The sugar used in the applesauce was given from members' own rations. Other gifts included nuts, chocolate, apples, cigarettes and books.

In less than a month, Junior Red Cross members of Hérault, a maritime department in the south of France, collected more than 20,000 francs for the unfortunate schoolchildren of Dunkerque; and they have earned money, too, to help buy food for undernourished children. They made five hundred albums containing 40,000 drawings, photographs, water colors, illustrated legends, handwork, and so on, for an exhibition of international school correspondence.

The French freighter *Mont Everest* has sailed with a cargo of milk and 20,000 layettes for children in unoccupied France. The supplies will be distributed under the direction of American Red Cross representatives. Home economics classes have made thousands upon thousands of layettes, and, included in those on the *Mont Everest*, there are bound to be some made by members of the American Junior Red Cross.



J. R. C. MEMBERS of Santa Barbara, California, made a good bit of money for their Service Fund through the sale of sweet peas. It happened this way. A Japanese-American nurseryman living in Santa Barbara had to move to one of the new war relocation centers. His lovely sweet peas were in full bloom. He offered them all—thousands of them—to the local Red Cross Chapter for the picking. Junior members gladly accepted the job, and made the flowers into bunches for sale.



Last year Junior Red Cross home economics girls at Long Junior High School, Dallas, Texas, made and fitted ninety skirts to send to England

Younger members of Summit School, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, helped the older ones to collect acorns which were made into necklaces and sold for the Service Fund. Acorn cups were glued to the nuts, which were then shellacked and strung in graduated sizes on colored, crocheted strands. Other members are making necklaces of cork. Orders for both kinds are keeping members busy.

Through their Service Fund, J. R. C. members are able to keep a planned program going during the entire year. Community services, services for our armed forces, the projects of the National Children's Fund—all are made possible when the Service Fund is budgeted.

Enroll for Service in the American Junior Red Cross November 1 to 15, through your local Red Cross Chapter. Remember that the sooner your enrollment is received in the Chapter office, the more certain you will be to receive your JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS right on time.

WAR RELIEF
PRODUCTION



FIRST AID



NUTRITION



ACCIDENT
PREVENTION





Every day Peder fed the gull. It liked Birgit, too, but she was afraid to feed it

Peder's Gull

Emma L. Brock

Pictures by the Author

ONCE upon a time, a year or so ago, there lived on the North Shore of Lake Superior a little boy named Peder. He lived there with his mother and his father and his little sister Birgit. His grandfather Gunderson lived there, too.

"Would anyone like a picnic?" asked Grandfather Gunderson one day in June.

"Oh, yes!" shouted Peder and Birgit in one loud shout. "Oh, yes! When can we start?"

"I'll fix the boat while you put up the lunch," their grandfather answered.

So Birgit made some cheese sandwiches, and Peder counted out plenty of doughnuts. They put them in the picnic basket and filled in the chinks with big red cherries.

"We're ready," shouted Peder and Birgit.

"All right. Hop in," said Grandfather Gunderson.

And in a moment he was rowing the white fishing skiff out of the cove. It skimmed over the smooth water of the lake.

"Where shall it be?" he asked.

"Oh, Gull Island," said Peder.

"Yes, Gull Island," said Birgit. "The baby gulls will be out. We saw the eggs last time we were there."

Grandfather Gunderson rowed along the shore and then out to Gull Island. The gulls were flying in huge circles over the rocks. They were swooping and drifting and screaming all the time.

"What a terrible noise," said Birgit.

"They're afraid we'll hurt their children," said Peder, "but of course we wouldn't."

"Don't be afraid," said Birgit to the gulls.

But the gulls kept right on with their flying and their scolding.

"Come over to the woody part of the island," said Grandfather Gunderson. "Then they'll not be afraid."

They sat down on the soft moss under some balsam firs.

"Isn't it time to eat right away?" asked Peder.

Grandfather looked at the sun.

"It is almost noon," he said.

"Oh, then we must eat," said Peder.

Birgit uncovered the lunch basket, and gave them each a sandwich. And before you could ever imagine that it could have happened, all the food was gone. All the sandwiches and all the doughnuts and all the cherries were eaten up.

"Now, let's look at the babies," said Birgit.

She and Peder crept slowly out of the woods to the rocks.

"There are some out there," said Peder.

"Aren't they cute!" cried Birgit.

The little brown gulls were sitting beside their big white mothers. One of the mothers was squawking and trying to push her children into the water. One little gull would not move, but sat there squeaking in a shrill voice.

"That one is naughty," said Birgit. "It doesn't want to take a bath."

"I think it is hurt," said Peder. "Oh, look! Its foot is caught. It is caught between two rocks. Grandfather!" he called.

Grandfather Gunderson came hurrying toward them.

"What can be the matter?" he asked.

"It's that gull. Its foot is caught," said Peder.

"You stay here. I'll see," said Grandfather.

He walked slowly out to the rocks. The gulls beat their wings and shrieked. They almost flew in his face. The mothers all hurried their babies into the water, and swam away with them. Grandfather Gunderson stooped down over the little gull. Its foot was caught in the narrow crack between two rocks. He pulled the foot this way and that until it was free.

"The leg is broken," he called to Peder and Birgit. "I'll fetch it along and bind it up."

He carried the little gull carefully in his big hands. It was too frightened at first even to squawk. Then it cuddled down and kept very still.

"We'll put it in the basket and take it home."

They climbed into the fishing skiff, and Peder held the basket carefully on his knees. The gulls were still circling overhead and shrieking.

"Don't be afraid," Birgit said to the gulls. "We're just going to fix its leg. We won't hurt it."

As soon as they reached home, Grandfather Gunderson took a little stick and bound it tightly to the leg. The gull looked funny standing on one foot. It stood there opening its mouth and squealing.

"It's hungry," said Grandfather, "and now you must feed it, Peder."

"Bread and milk?" asked Birgit.

"Fish," said Peder.

"Yes, fish," said Grandfather Gunderson. "There are some fine fresh fish I brought in this morning he can eat."

So Peder gave some fish to the gull, and it stopped crying. They fixed a soft nest of straw for it and it went to sleep.

Every day Peder fed the gull. A dozen times a day he fed it. And every day the gull grew larger. It was very fond of Peder and flapped its wings and squeaked whenever he came near. It liked Birgit, too, but she was afraid to feed it. It might gobble up her fingers along with the fish, she thought.

The gull would fly all over the rocks of the cove. Sometimes it rested on the quiet water. It grew larger and larger and could catch its own food before long. One day Grandfather Gunderson took the splint from the broken leg.

"It must be knit by now," he said. "The leg is a little crooked, but it will do to stand on."

"See! It's using it all right," cried Peder. "It works."

The gull looked its leg over carefully, and then stepped off over the rock.

"It is very proud," said Peder.

"It works all right," said Grandfather Gunderson. He was proud, too.

The gull grew bigger and bigger until it was as large as the older gulls. It was very fond of Peder. It would pick up Peder's ball, fly around in big circles and drop it again on the rocks. One day it carried the ball far out over the lake and came back without it.

"Well, that good ball is on the lake somewhere," said Peder.

One day the gull flew off with Peder's cap and came back without it.

"Well, that good cap is floating on the lake somewhere," said Peder.

Sometimes several gulls would come screaming in from the lake. They came to eat the fish heads that Grandfather

Gunderson threw out for them. Gulls are the fishermen's friends, Grandfather always said. Some of the gulls were white, and some were young brown ones. Peder's gull would fly around with them. It looked like any one of the brown gulls. But when the gulls flew away, it always came circling back and sat on Peder's rocks. It was very fond of Peder.

"It certainly knows its home," said Peder.

"You've been a good mamma to it," said Birgit.

"Mamma!" said Peder. "Father, you mean!"

"Anyway, he's fed it and played with it," said Grandfather Gunderson. "This is its home."

But one day late in summer, Peder's gull flew away. It flew away with the white and brown gulls that came to eat Grandfather Gunderson's fish heads. They came screaming in from over the lake and gobbled up the fish heads. And Peder's gull flew away with them.

"It'll come back," said Peder, but the gull did not come back.

Peder stood out on the rocks and called. His grandfather rowed him out on the lake and Peder called. He called to all the brown gulls he saw. But none of them came back.

"Well, it's nature," said Grandfather Gunderson. "After all, it's nature, Peder. The gull was tame, but it's really a wild thing, you know. It would fly off with the others sometime, Peder."

Peder held his lips tight together.

"You can have a piece of my gingerbread tonight, Peder," said Birgit. "Two pieces might make you feel better."

Peder smiled weakly.

"You know," he said, "I was v-v-very

f-f-fond of that gull. I r-r-really was."

Every day Peder watched for the gull. Fall came, and winter, but the gull did not come back.

"The worst of it is," said Peder, "I'd never know it now, because it would be white. It would have shed its baby feathers and be white like the others by this time."

"It's nature, Peder," said Grandfather

"Is that you?" Peder called



Gunderson. "It's happy with the wild birds. It was happy with you, too, Peder, but not for always."

"Now that it's grown up, it is better with the wild ones," said Peder.

"But it might come back for a visit some day," said Birgit.

And perhaps it did come back. For the next spring when the gulls flew in to gobble up Grandfather Gunderson's fish heads, one of the gulls would stay behind. It was a beautiful white gull. It would fly in wide circles and sit on Peder's rocks.

"Is that you?" Peder called, but the gull would fly off over the lake again.

Once Peder thought he saw a crooked leg. Once the gull flew in all alone and stayed around all day. And *once* it picked up Peder's new cap and carried it away.

"Oh, that's my gull!" shouted Peder. "That's my gull, as sure as anything!"

"Now maybe," said Grandfather Gunderson. "Maybe so. It might be now. It might remember us."

"It must be my gull," cried Peder, his blue eyes shining, "going off with my cap that way. It must be! What fun to have it coming back again!"

"On visits," said Birgit. "What fun!"

"My own gull!" said Peder. "It remembers me!"

Little birds like bubbles of glass
Fly to other Americas.
Birds as bright as sparkles of wine
Fly in the night to the Argentine.

Birds of azure and flame-birds go
To the tropical Gulf of Mexico:
They chase the sun, they follow the heat.
It is sweet in their bones, O sweet, sweet, sweet!

—Elinor Wylie

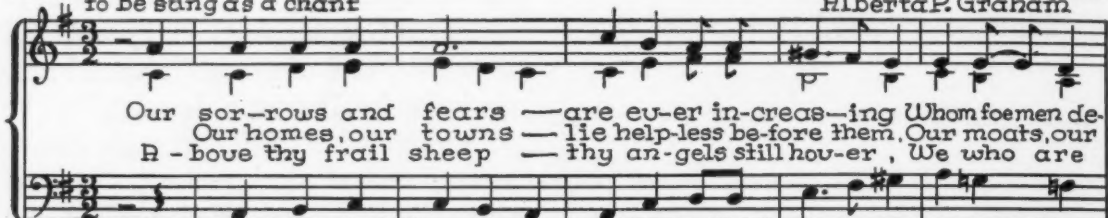
Beggars' Song - 1567

How Majestical, O Lord

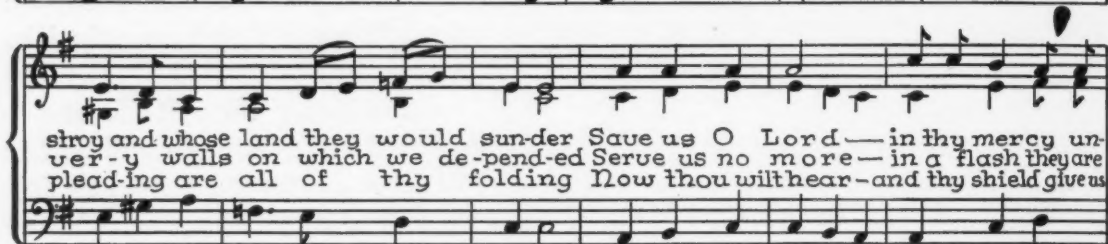
(The Tyrant Comes)

English Versification
by Catherine C. Coblenz
to be sung as a chant

Valerius Nederlandsche
Gedenck-clanck
Musical Arrangement by
Alberta P. Graham



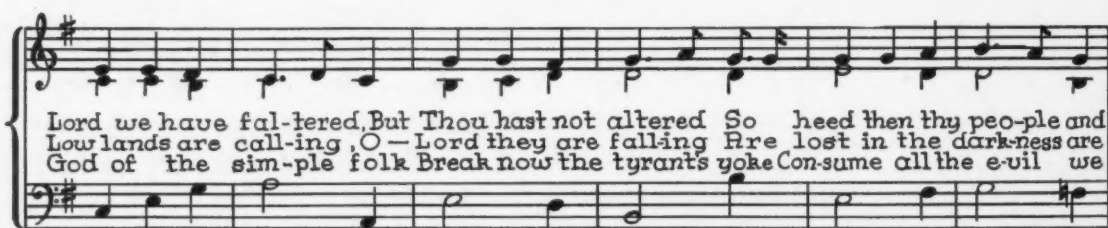
Our sor-rows and fears — are eu-er in-cres-ing Whom foemen de-
Our homes, our towns — lie help-less be-fore them, Our moats, our
R - boue thy frail sheep — thy an-gels still hov-er, We who are



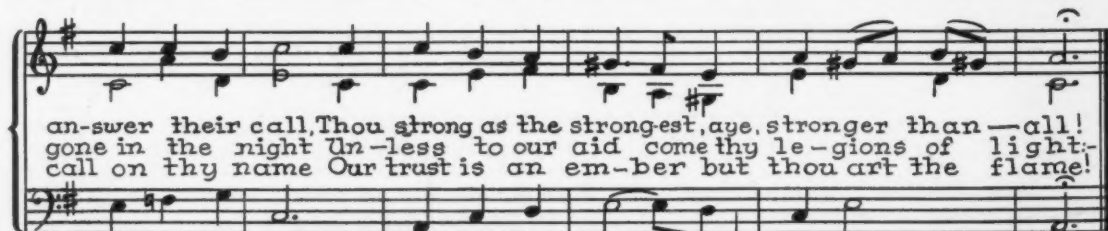
stroy and whose land they would sun-der Save us O Lord — in thy mercy un-
ver-y walls on which we de-pend-ed Serve us no more — in a flash they are
plead-ing are all of thy fold-ing Now thou wilt hear — and thy shield give us



ceas-ing, The winds are thy char-i-ot Mas-ter of — thun-der O
o'er them The fields we have garnered can-not be de — fend-ed Thy
cou-er Thy strength and thy love are yet in our hold — ing O



Lord we have fal-tered, But Thou hast not altered So heed then thy peo-ple and
Lowlands are call-ing, O — Lord they are falling Are lost in the dark-ness are
God of the sim-ple folk Break now the tyrants yoke Consume all the e-vil we



an-swer their call, Thou strong as the strongest, aye, stronger than — all!
gone in the night Un-less to our aid cometh thy le-gions of light-
call on thy name Our trust is an em-ber but thou art the flame!

